

under-world seems always to be over-populated and valued accordingly. But under-world seems always to be over-populated and valued accordingly. But progress in the high school, by rigorous enforcement of the survival of the fittest, brings ultimately a chance for identity. Emmy Lou, a survivor, found a personal-ity awaiting her in her sophomore year. Hanceforth she was to be Miss MacLau-

The year brought further distinction.
Along in the term Miss MacLauren re-Along in the term Miss MacLauren re-ceived notification that she had been elected to membership in the Platonian

secount of recognised literary qual-

Society.

"On account of recognized literary qualifications." the note set forth.

Miss Minclauren read the note with blushes, and because of the secret loy its perusal afforded she re-read it in private many times more. The first fruits of fame are sweet; and as an Athenian might have legarded an invitation into Olympus, so Miss Micclauren looked upon this opening into Platonia.

As a freshman, on Friday afternoons, she had noted certain of the upper pupils strolling about the building after distincted, in tieu of hats and lockets, with large importance. She had learned that they were Platonians, and from the out-courts of the unclect she had watched them, in pairs and groups, mount the stairs with laughter and chatter and covert backward glances. She did not wonder, she would have glanced backward, too, for wherein lies the satisfaction of being elect, but in a knowledge of the envy of those loss privilegad?

And mounting the stairs to the mansard, their door had shut upon the Platonians; it was a secret society.

And now this door stood open to Miss Maclauren.

She took her note to Hattle and to Ro-

And now this door stood open to Miss Misclauren.

Bhe took her note to Hattle and to Rosalie, who showed a polite, but somewhat forced interest.

"Of course, if you have time for that sort of thing," said Hattle.

"As if there was not enough of school and learning, now, Emily," said Rosalie.

Miss Maclauren felt disconcerted, the bubble of her elation seemed pricked, until she began to think about it. Hattle and Rosalie were not asked to become Platonians; did they make light of the honor because it was not their bonor?

Each seeks to be victor in some field of achievement, but, each is jealous of the other's field. Hattle thought Rosalie frivolous, and Rosalie scribbled notes under the nose if Hattle's brilliant recitations. Miss Maclauren, on the neutral ground of a noncombatant, was expected by each to furnish the admiration and applause.

Plattie's was the field of learning, and he stood with obstacles trod under heel, erowned with honors. Hattle meant to be valedictorian some day, nor did Miss MacLauren doubt linttle would be.
Rosalie's was a different field. Her's was strewn with victims; victims whose

mes were boys. It was Rosalie's field, Miss MacLauren. her heart, longed to enter. But how Rosalle do it? She raised her syes lowered them, and the victims fell-everyone could not be a Rosalle. le looked pityingly upon Ro-of life, and Rosalie laughed

And Hattle looked promise poor serile's way of life, and Rosalle laughed lightly at Hattle.

Miss MacLauren admired Hattle, but, secretly, she envied Rosalle. If she had known how, she herself would have much preferred boys to brains; one is only a Minerva as second choice.

To be sure there was William. Oh, william! He is taken for granted, and beside, Miss MacLauren is becoming sensitive because there was no one but William.

liam.

The next day she was approached by Hattie and Rosalle, who each had a note. They mentioned it casually, but Hattle's tone had a ring. Was it satisfaction? And Rosalle's laugh was touched with gratification, for the notes were official, inviting them; too, to become Platonians.

ians. "Thinking it over." said Hattie, "Till join; one owes something to class spirit." "It's so alluring—the sound," said Rosalie. "A secret anything." Miss MacLauren, thinking it over, her-

join: one owes something to chass spirit.

"It's so alluring—the sound," said Rosalie. "A secret anything."

Milss MacLauren, thinking it over, herself, after she reached home that day, suddenly laughed.

It was at dinner. Uncle Charile looked up at his nice, whom he knew as Emmy Lou, not, as yet, having met Miss MacLauren. His had heard her laugh before, but not just that way; senerally she had laughed because other people laughed. Now she seemed to be doing it of herself. There is a difference.

Emmy Lou was thinking of the changed point of view of Hattle and Rosalie. "It's—it's funny," she explained, in answer to Uncle Chariles look.

"No!" said Uncle Charile. "And you see it? Well!"

What on earl! was Uncle Charile talk-ling about?

"I congratulate you," he continued. "It will never be so hard again."

"What?" seked Emmy Lou,

"Anything," said Uncle Charile.

What was he talking about?

"A sense of humor." said Uncle Charile.

What was he talking about?

"A sense of humor." said Uncle Charile. at though one had spoken.

Emmy Lou smiled absently, Some of Uncle Chariles joking which she was used to accepting as mystifying.

But it was Kunny about Rosalie, and Hattle; she was smiling again, and she felt patronizingly superior to thom both. Miss MacLauren was still feeling hersule of the morning. It made her pleased with herself. It was a frosty morning; she drew long hreaths, she felt bouyant and secreely conscious of the pavements under her feet.

At the corner she met William with another boy, She, knew this, other boy, but that was sail he had never shows any disposition to heve her lenow him heter. But this morning things were different. William and the other hoy joined her. William talking her books, while they all walked alone tagethar.

Miss MaoLauren felt the boy take a sidewise look at her. thought so too, made Miss MacLauren dok better.

Her spirits seared intoxicatingly. This was a new sensation, Miss MecLauren del daring. She looked un-suddenly—st the other boy—said to the others, too, William was

ed down quicker, that part being invol-untary, as well as the blush that follow-ed. The blush was disconcerting, but the sensation, on the whole, was pleasura-ble.

At the high school gate, Miss Mno-Lauren raised her eyes again. The low-ering and the blush could be counted on: the only hard part was to get them rais-ed.

Twas gratifying to be attached to a name again. As a freshman, personality had been lost in the high school of overwhelming numbers. The lid seems always to be overand valued accordingly. But in the high school, by rigorous not of the survival of the fittest, timately a chance for identifying as able to be Miss MacLauran ar brought further distinction that she had been membership in the Platonian membership in the Platonian membership in the Platonian membership in the property times more. The first fruits are sweet; and as an Athenian ve regarded an invitation into Miss MacLauren looked upon ing into Platonia. The other Platonian set and the other property of the upper purchase was an and the other property of the company of the c

had been looked upon as invulnerable.

At last a Platonian arose. She called attention to the fact that time was pass-

Fleror discussion ensued at this. "Business before pleasure," said a sententious member, "What's a programme to a matter concerning the constitution itself?"

The sponser for the motion grew sarcasid. It developed inter she was on the programme. "Since the business of

the society was only useful as a means of conducting the programme, which was the primary object of the society's be-ing, she objected to the classing of the

onmeshed in its voluminous rangies. It was dark when the society adjourned. Platonians gave up dinner and Fridry afternoon to the causa, but what Platonian doubted it being worth it?

Aliss MacLauren and Hattie walked home together. At the orner they met a boy it was the other boy, whose hame, as it chanced, was Chester. He joined them and they walked along together. Something made Miss MacLauren's check quite red; it was har blush when the boy joined them.

A few, steps farther on they met Miss Kilrain, the new teacher at the high school. It was just as Miss MacLauren was laughing an embarrassed laugh to hide the blush. Miss Kilrain looked at them codly; one was consolous of her disapproval.

disapproval.

Miss Kilmin's name had been up that very afternoon in the society for honorary membership. All teachers were made

iry inembership. All teachers were made honorary members.

With the sophomore year, high school pupils had met several new things. Higher education was one of them. They met it in the person of Miss Kilrain. It looked forbidding. She lowered her voice in speaking of it, and brought the word-forth reverently, coupling it with another impressively uttered thing which at styled modern methods.

Miss Kilrain walked mincingly on the balls of her feet. She frequently coiled

name was caster.

Miss MacLauren. In spite of herself, grew red; she had been talking about the Platonians and their debates with him quite recently.

The effect of the note upon the Platonians was visible. A tremendous fluttering agitated the members. It was a proposition calculated for agitate them.

Rosalis was on that side opposed to the matter. Why was should not shime in debate.

Hattle was warnly in favor of it, for she was one who would shine.

Miss Mollauren did not express herself, but when it came to the vote, Miss MacLauren said "Aye."

The "Ayes" had it.

Then, all at once, the Platonians became aware of Miss Kilrain, whom they had unamentarily forgotten. Miss Kilrain was sitting in depracating silence, and the Platonians had a sudden consciousness that it was the silence of disapproval. She sai with the sir and the compressed ilps of one who could say much, but since her ophilon is not asked—

But just before adjournment Miss Kilrain's lips unclosed, as she arose apologetically and begged permission to address, the chair. She then asknowledged her pleasure at the compitment of her membership, and expressed herself as grained with the expressions with which some of the members were regarding this voluntary chosen opportunity for self-improvement. These she was corry to see were in the minority; as for herself, she must adpress disapproval of the proposed debets, with the young saltiemen of the male high school, it could but lead to trivoity and she was sorry to see were in the minority; as for herself, she must adpress disapproval of herself, she must appress disapproval of herself, she must appear all supply the supply of the members were regarding this woluntary chosen opportunity for self-improvement. These she was corry to see were in the minority; as for herself, she must appear dispense on the self-improvement. The self-improvement of the male high school in could be a decided which is a possible to the self-improvement. The self-improvement of the male high school in could be self-improvemen

The report of the treasurer was called for.

It showed a deficit.

"Even with the initiation fees and dues from new members?" asked the president.

Even 80.

"Then." said the president. "we'll have to elect some more. Any new names for nomination?"

Names. It seemed, were unflatteringly early to supply, and ware randily put up and voted upon for nomination.

But suddenly a "Patoninn was upon her feet; she had been counting. The mem betship was limited and they had overstopped that limit. The rominations were unconstitutional.

The treasurer, at this, was upon her feet, reading from the constitution:

"The revenues of said society may be increased only by payment of dues by new mambers"—she—paused, and here reminded them that the society was in debt.

Discussion wased hot. A constitution of the professor Koenig is one," said he professor Koenig is one," said he professor Koenig was little, his beard was a first the professor Koenig was little, his beard was a first the professor Koenig was little, his beard was a first the professor Koenig was little, his beard was a first the first through the new books, and sa violent apposition to the new books, and sa violent apposition to the new books, and sa violent apposition to them. The papers had been riof it and the new books, and sa violent apposition to them. The papers had been in favor of the mew books, and sa violent apposition to the new books, and sa violent apposition to them. The papers had been riof it. A Mr. Bryan had been in favor of the mew books, and sa violent apposition to them. The papers had been riof it. A Mr. Bryan had been in favor of the mew books, and sa violent apposition to them. The papers had been in favor of the mew books, and sa violent apposition to them. The papers had been in favor of the mew books, and sa violent apposition to them. The papers had been in favor of the mew books, and sa violent apposition to them. The papers had been in favor of the mew books.

There had been riof it.

A Mr. Bryan had been in favor of the mew books and

als?" pareleted Emmy Lou.

"That which we are not to gut on the shelf." Said Upide Charlin.

"Different Works and the set of the shelf." Said Upide Charlin.

"Different Works and the set of the shelf." Said Upide Charlin.

"One Linux Lorder Konnig; he mean the toot-books—she understood mow, of course, came, and Miss Killrain came with them.

"One the hold books went and the set of the shelf was shelf with them." Said was shelf with them to the foreign of the shelf of the shelf was shelf with them. Shelf one knew them as the factor of the shelf was shelf with them. That sheld one knew them as the factor with them, asking up from the shelf was shelf with them, asking up from the shelf was shelf with them, asking up from the shelf was shelf with them, asking up from the shelf was shelf with them, asking up from the shelf was shelf with them, asking up from the shelf was shelf with them, asking up from the shelf was shelf with them, asking up from the shelf was shelf with them, asking up from the shelf was shelf with them, asking up from the shelf was shelf with them, asking up from the shelf was shelf with them, asking up from the shelf was shelf with them, asking up from the shelf was shelf with the shel

new text-books this year introduced into
the high school.
"How will I write this?" Emmy Lou
inquired of Uncle Charlle that night.
"This letter to the International School
Book Company?"
"What's that?" asked Uncle Charlle.
Emmy Lou explained.
Uncle Charlle looked interested. "Here
to see Professor Bryan, was he? If m.
Moving against Koenig faster even than
I predicted."
Miss Kilrain had instructed her committee further as to what to do.
"You meet me on Saturday," said Ducy

Tuey and Emmy Lou went in; they went on going in, back through a lane between sacks and things stacked high; it was dark and cellar-like, and smelled of sugar and molasses. At last they reached a glass door, which was open. Emmy Lou stopped and held back, so did Lucy.

"You—you're chairman—" said Emmy Lou! It was mean, she fell it was mean, she never fell meaner.

Lucy went forward; she was pretty, her cheeks were bright and her hair waved up ourly despite its braiding. She was blushing.

A tot of men, were at design, doesn of men it seemed at first, though veally there were four, three standing, one in his shirt sleeves. They looked up.

The fourth man was in his shirt sleeves, too, and had a digar in his mouth; his face was red, and lits hat was on the back of his head. he.

"New principal-"; said Emmy Lou,
"and Professor Keedig?"
Like other classics," said Uncle Charlle,
"he is being put on the shelf. They
have asked him to realgn."
"And who is the new one?" asked
Emmy Lou.
"The gentleman named as likely is
Frofessor Brysth."
"Oh," said Emmy Lou, "no."
"I am of the opinion, therefore," said

"I am of the opinion, therefore," said Uncle Charlie, "that the 'Platonian's Mer-curial Gozette" will make its appearance yel. It's Professor Bryan," said Emmy Lou. "there is no need of my working any more on the debats."
"Why not." said Uncie Charlie.
"If it's Mr. Bryan, be'll never let them

In the new year.

One morning in the holidays Uncle Charlle looked up from his paper. "You are going to have a new principal." said

come; he thinks they are awful things.

come; he thinks they are awful thingstops."

Miss MacLaurem was right about the the debate did not inke place. Platonian affairs seemed suddonly tame. Would a strictly feminine Olympus pair?

She came into Aunt Cordelic's room tone afternoon. "There is to be a dancing club on Friday evening." she explained. "and I'm hevited."

Which was doubly true, for both William and Chester had asked her. She was used to having William say he'd come around and go along: she had had a boy join her and walk herse—but the—"You can't do it all." said Aunt Cordelia's tones were final. She had feared this. She stood—fingering the window curtainerresolute. In her heart she felt her literary quarifications were not being apprecisted in Platonian circles, arv way. A dancing club—it sounded alluring. The window was near the hursau with its mirror—she stole a look. She wasyes—she knew now she was pretty.

Late that afternoon Miss MacLauren dropped a note in the row! If we in note tendering her resignation to the Flatonian Bodety.

MAKES BREAD THAT FATTENS

BAKING POWDER



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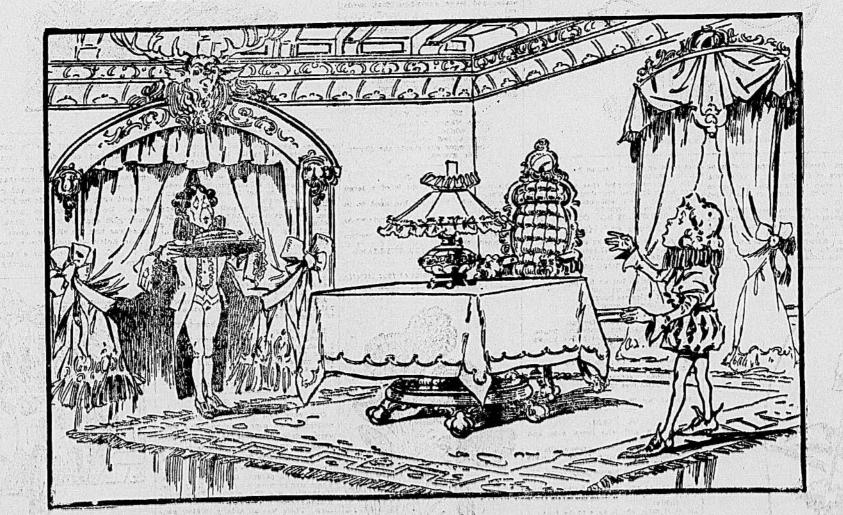
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How shall he car it
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How en' he marry.
Without o'er a wife?

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